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# Suffolk Journal

VOL. 30, NO. 1

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BOSTON, MASS.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1974

## SGA Petitions Board of Trustees



by Dennis Vandal

If Suffolk's Board of Trustees follows through with recommendations of SGA, the chairmanship of the board may become an unpaid position.

The Student Government Association revealed at its first meeting of the scholastic year that it had sent a letter of recommendations to the board in August 30. The letter detailed three changes for the structure of the Board.

The first was to make the chairmanship an unpaid position. This move comes after the death of the former Chairman, Judge John Lenton. The SGA was careful to point out that since vacancies already existed, no hardship will be imposed upon any individual by immediately abolishing the salary of this position.

It went on to state, "It is considered an honor to be Chairman



of the Board of Trustees of a university, Suffolk being no exception. In addition, Suffolk students should not be required to pay this additional salary."

It was also pointed out that many universities and colleges in the Boston area do not pay the chairman of the Board of Trustees. Included within this group are Boston College, Boston University, Boston State, Northeastern University, Salem State, and the University of Massachusetts at Amherst and Boston.

The second section suggested that the University abolish "life member" status on the board. The SGA assailed the existence of these positions as "a thing of the past" and that they "do not make for a viable and vibrant institution."

The recommendation would eliminate life membership and institute term membership for a limited number of years.

The third and final recommendation demanded that future members of the Board of Trustees be "persons of deep commitment and broad backgrounds." This would be insured, according to the letter, by establishing a search committee which would "conduct a diligent search" for new members.

Some disappointment came to the members of the SGA when it was revealed that the letter of recommendation was not of the highest quality by those who supported the suggestions. The bottom was simply marked, "The Student Government Association, Suffolk University."

According to SGA President David Cavalier, the President of the University was not pleased with the letter. When asked what President Fulham's reactions were,

Cavalier quoted him as saying that the SGA letter was "not professional." Cavalier expressed concern over the fact that the letter without the signatures of the supporting members, "could have been sent by a janitor."

To lend credibility to the action of the SGA, the group decided to pass a petition whereby all students may voice their opinion on the matter. The motion was made by Richard Scenna and seconded by John Swickowski. All SGA members voted in favor of the petition.

Two members of the Council of Presidents, Earl Carrick and Anne Corcoran, informed members of SGA of a need to coordinate student activities and student organizations so fewer conflicts will occur in scheduling. Carrick told the group that the Council of Presidents made the work of the Student Government Association easier by allowing requests for funding to go to the four member committee instead of SGA. After a brief question and answer period, the SGA thanked them for the information.

Another SGA matter, it was announced that changes in the constitution regarding the structure of the Election Committee will be voted on at the next meeting which will be held on September 17.

Some of the changes will affect the membership of the Appeal Board which is used to contest certain rulings made by the SGA. Under the revisions, if accepted, the Board will be made up of the President of the SGA, the Editor of the Suffolk Journal, the Station Manager of WSUR, the Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and

(Continued on Page 11)

## The Status of Women at Suffolk University

Last Spring President Thomas Fulham established the Committee on the Status of Women "to provide the necessary advice and guidance to the Trustees and Administration on this important subject."

At its first meeting, the Committee elected Dr. Maria Bonaventura, Convenor, Ms. Valerie Epps, Co-Convenor, and Ms. Judy Minardi, Recorder. The original committee membership of eight women and two men, comprised of representatives from the faculty, administration and clerical staff, was subsequently expanded to include students from the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the College of Business Administration and the Graduate School of Administration and the Law School.

Meeting through most of the summer, the group has now completed its basic organizational phase, determined the specific areas of concern with which it will deal, and the methodology of its work.

The primary working units of the Committee are its four subcommittees, i.e. (1) Students, (2) Faculty and Administration, (3) Clerical, and (4) Administrative Practice. Each perform a fact-finding function with respect to its

area of investigation.

The subcommittee on Students is gathering information regarding admissions and financial and criteria, placement and career counseling, continuing education, curriculum, and student services.

The plans of the Faculty and Administration subcommittee include the development of a comprehensive picture of salaries, promotions, and tenure by sex.

The Clerical group is analyzing the results of a questionnaire aimed at determining the concerns of the clerical and secretarial staff. An investigation of the feasibility of and need for day care facilities for Suffolk personnel is the main objective of the fourth subcommittee.

The Committee hopes to complete the major portion of its fact-finding phase by the end of the Fall semester. After an analysis of this material, specific recommendations for improving the status of women and for implementation of the University's affirmative action plan will be forwarded to President Fulham together with a compilation of the study results.

The Committee welcomes comments and suggestions from the Suffolk community to facilitate communication box 114 in the mailroom has been reserved for the Committee.

Further, the Committee plans to set aside portion of its meetings to accommodate those persons who may wish to address the group regarding their concerns or experiences or who can supply information pertinent to the study effort. Anyone interested in doing so should contact Dr. Bonaventura, ext. 348, or Ms. Epps, ext. 372, as soon as possible so that the appropriate planning can be done.

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## Chairman of Board of Trustees

# Suffolk Mourns Judge's Passing

A man well known to literally thousands of Suffolk students, is no longer with us.

John F. Fenton Sr., chairman of the board of trustees, former president of the university and judge for the Massachusetts I and Court died on the 14th of August at Bon Secours Hospital in Methuen after a seven week illness.

Quiet and soft-spoken, Judge Fenton had one of the most distinguished records of public service on the bench, in his church and in the community.

Probably one of the most energetic presidents of Suffolk, he took the post in 1965. As the fifth president of the institution, he was responsible for doubling the enrollment to a high point of 3000

students. This included all colleges and the law school.

One source of pride for the judge during his administration was his willingness to discuss grievances with students. It was this willing-ness and ability to meet and talk with students that instilled a calm atmosphere throughout the university during days of student unrest. It was his "open door" policy that kept him in constant touch with the general student body during troublesome times. He made it a point to meet with more than one day away from any student.

Judge Fenton lived by a com-mitment he had made when he first accepted the position. When he was asked why he was taking on such a

job at an age when most men retire, he replied: "The main reason I took this job was to do something for future generations. Retire? Why, I'm just beginning."

Working for causes and organizations was no small concern for the Judge. He was extremely active in the I.R.C. (I.R.P.O.I.) and served as national president of the organization from 1960 to 1961. During a recent controversy regarding the admission of blacks into the organization, he took a hard stand as former president, opposing all discrimination in membership acceptance.

Long active in the Catholic church, Judge Fenton was named a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre by Pope Pius XII in 1951 and in 1958 was elevated to the highest rank in that Papal Order, Knight of the Grand Cross and the Holy Sepulchre.

He was a past national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and was awarded the John F. Kennedy Gold Medal by that order in 1967. The award is presented annually to the outstanding Catholic of Irish lineage in the United States.

In 1965, Judge Fenton was the recipient of the Saint Thomas More Society Medal presented by the Worcester Diocesan Saint Thomas More Society for outstanding service in the Massachusetts Judiciary.

A vigorous fund raiser, he was the leader in the Merrimack College Building Fund Campaign which raised more than one million dollars to benefit the institution. He also worked to raise \$600,000 to help build Bon Secours Hospital. With his help, it went over the



million mark.

Born August 28, 1898 in Concord, he was educated locally, graduating from Lawrence High School in 1916 and receiving his bachelor of arts degree in 1920 from Holy Cross College. He attended Suffolk Law School and received his degree in 1924.

Judge Fenton was married to the former Elizabeth A. McMahon of Lawrence. She died January 31, 1971. In addition to his son, Judge Fenton leaves a brother, the Rev. Francis P. Fenton, pastor of St. Rita's Church in Chicago and a sister, Sr. Mary Eugenia of St. Mary's Convent, Rahway, N.J.

## Fenton Memorial

### Trustees to Dedicate New Building

July 29, 1974

BOSTON — Suffolk University will name its new liberal arts building on Beacon Hill after Judge John F. Fenton, chairman of the university's board of trustees. President Thomas A. Fulham announced today.

The six-story building, located at Derrin and Hancock Streets, formerly housed a printing firm and is undergoing a \$2.2 million renovation. It is expected to be ready for occupancy by September 1975.

President Fulham said the board of trustees voted to name the building after Judge Fenton "in order to recognize his immeasurable contributions to the colleges, the law school and its students."

Judge Fenton was the fifth president of Suffolk University and served from 1965 to 1970. He has twice served as chairman of the board of trustees from June, 1964 to June, 1966 and from October, 1970 to the present. He is a life trustee having served on the board since 1949.

"During Judge Fenton's tenure as president, Suffolk enjoyed its period of greatest growth," Fulham said. "The school's enrollment in

its colleges and law school nearly doubled as did the number of faculty. Today, Suffolk's colleges and law school have a combined enrollment of more than 6000 students.

A 1924 graduate of Suffolk Law School, Judge Fenton also holds an honorary degree of doctor of juridical science from Suffolk. Honorary degrees have also been conferred upon him by Holy Cross College, Merrimack College and Emerson College.

Judge Fenton has twice been cited by Suffolk students. The Student Bar Association presented him with the Dean Frederick A. McDermott Award in 1966 for service to the law school and its students. Undergraduate students presented him the outstanding administrator award at their senior banquet last May.

The Fenton building will be the sixth occupied by Suffolk. Plans call for the law school to be housed entirely in the Donahue Building, 41 Temple St. The Liberal Arts College also occupies the Archer Building, 20 Derrin St. and the College of Business is located at 45-47 Mt. Vernon St. The university also has administrative offices at 56 Temple St., and property at Cambridge Street and Ridgeway Lane.

## TEST DATES FOR NATIONAL TEACHER EXAMINATIONS ANNOUNCED

The Placement Office has announced the new dates for the testing of prospective teachers: November 9, 1974, and January 25, April 5, and July 19, 1975.

Results of the National Teacher Examinations are used by many large school districts as one of several factors in the selection of new teachers and by several states for certification or licensing of teachers.

On each full day of testing, prospective teachers may take the Common Examinations which measure their professional preparation and general educational background and an Area Examination which measures their mastery of the subject they expect to teach.

Prospective teachers should contact the Educational Placement Office for specific advice on which examinations to take and on which dates they should be taken.

The Bulletin of Information for Candidates contains a list of test centers, and information about the examinations, as well as a Registration Form. Copies may be obtained from the College Placement Office, Room 21, Archer Building.

JGW  
smc

## Fashion Photography Promotion

Part-time or full time

Career-minded individual needed

Appointment: Chet Rogers of Boston  
247-3000



## you will like it here!

### BY RSC

All things being equal, considering the alternatives, on balance and relatively speaking, the Registrar, Mary Heffron, plots the process for smoothness. She succeeds, and so it is done. Well for most.

Unfortunately, Freshman students usually register on the last day, thereby running the risk of being "closed out" of many courses. Of course the height of manipulation can be brought to bear.

Existence of courses: 100  
Closed after the first day: 50  
Leaving 50 courses  
Closed after the second day: 50  
Leaving 50-50 or 0 courses  
New existence of courses:  
100 plus 2 equals 102, 100 equals 2 new, existing courses.  
Closed after the third day: 100  
plus 2 equals 102 minus original  
100-new 2 equals 0 courses.

It should be mentioned here that the writer's figures are unofficial. It is to be realized, however, that the existence of 102 "closed courses" on the third day indicates three things. First, it indicates the ability of the registrars office to deal with chaos. Secondly, it indicates the appetite of new students for the unknown, and lastly it indicates Suffolk University's ability to materialize new courses, i.e., sections which of course will be taught by instructors and assistant professors who have a mere three or four courses to teach anyway.

It has been this writer's experience that all new students, sooner or later, appreciate an explanation of the relationship between the College of Arts and Sciences and the College of Business Administration and the Suffolk Law School, the latter frequently referred to as "The Engine." First it should be mentioned that one must not be hasty when concluding that the Law School exists at all. But alas, it does exist by maintaining what Nietzsche called the "pathos of distance." (However, such maintenance is more *camouflaged* than pathetic.) Indeed, the distance that the (rumored) Law School maintains between itself and other factions of the University has been encouraged by an otherwise enlightened administration. One need only witness the mobility of any college education to use a room "belonging" to the Law School whether the august latter is using it or not. The new student interested in academic maneuvering need only witness the Law of Murphy when the otherwise progressive administration decided to close the cafeteria during the past summer session as the Law School activities ceased. This despite the existence of summer classes, summer students, summer faculty, summer administration and support staff.

All of this, of course, is not to blame (fully) the Law School, for there is more, and if there is, where is it?

The new students should know something about his and her immediate environs. Undoubtedly, Suffolk University is blessed by its geographic position, Beacon Hill and the Common are delightful extensions of Suffolk's campus.

The Donahue Building, a bold attempt in brick to manifest all residue elements of Georgian, Federalist and Brahmin architecture is haptic on Temple Street. The building succeeds and pooh to the students who labelled it a *grat* *trous* last year. Beside the front door of the Donahue Building is the lobby, a lobby distinguished by a closed-circuit monitoring system easily identifiable by locating the location of the nearest person to it who is sleeping. Usually, in fact, the security system is in front of said person.

Dispersed about the lobby are the following offices: the Registrar's (known for its always imminent, eminent and imminent pulchritude), the President's office, the President's Conference Room, Dean Romaine's office, Dean Strain's office, Dr. Peter Sartwell's office, Dean Sullivan's office, Vice President Flannery's office, the Accounting Office, and the Transfer Counselor's office. It is

recommended that any student wishing to see any of the Deans and Mr. Flannery, make an appointment prior to stopping by. (Such a social grace is necessary despite the alleged comment by N. B. Flannery, "my door is always open." In fact, Mr. Flannery's secretary's door is always open, not Vice President Flannery's.) Indeed, it is the born administrator who instinctively guards against "seeing for the sake of seeing."

The floors above the lobby are classrooms and faculty offices, leaving the cafeteria, which, as one wag put it, "is placed, not inappropriately, beneath the lobby." (Perhaps it should be mentioned here that last year a cafeteria employee was caught reading *L'opere de Vega* and, when startled by a student asking for "a hamburger," responded, "To me, surely a mission.")

The cafeteria is resident in art deco, art nouveau, and more



liberated trappings and accoutrements. The best way to arrive at an accurate description of the (all would be to offer the following

comments from students who were questioned after lunch one Thursday in April.

(Continued on Page 6)

# "Our Little Deuce Coupe You Don't Know What We Got"

**LIBERATION News Service**  
Shocking events demand that the administration take the wraps off our military forces in South Vietnam by unleashing devastating air and sea power against all significant military targets in North Vietnam.  
— Gerald Ford, 1965  
Wiretapping and electronic eavesdropping with all Americans who prize their privacy. Properly

used, these are essential weapons to those who guard our Nation's security.  
— Gerald Ford, 1965  
(The election of Richard Nixon would mean that laws already on the books would be enforced. Criminals and crime bosses would come under massive attack led by a Republican Attorney General.  
— Gerald Ford, 1968

**WASHINGTON (LNS)** — After more than five and a half years of associating the evils of American policy — foreign and domestic — with the name Richard M. Nixon, we awoke on August 9 to find Gerald Ford in the White House.  
Although many will encourage us to breathe a sigh of relief and say, "Well, that's over," thankful that the "Constitutional process" has worked as its founders intended, the important question remains — "Who is Gerald Ford?" In what way will this man who has never faced a national election govern the country? How, if at all, is he different from Richard Nixon?

Having uncovered most of the Bebe Rebozo in Nixon's life, detailing the crimes, the coverups, and the coverups of the coverups — we must now search for new skeletons in the White House closets. The job will not be difficult. To hear most of those who have had contact with Gerald Ford speak, it would appear that his biggest vice is simply that he is faced with a job bigger than his capabilities. Representative Michael J. Harrington (D-Mass) once said of Ford, "He's simply a nice guy who has demonstrated no real capacity to govern."

Referring to Ford's football playing days, Lyndon Johnson said of the then House Minority Leader, "Top bad, too bad — that's what happens when you play football without a helmet on."

And even Richard Nixon, the man who put Ford in line for the Presidency, hoping perhaps that it would stall impeachment forces, exclaimed, "Can you see Gerald Ford sitting in this chair?"

But it is impossible to dismiss a man who, for 25 years, fought every piece of progressive social

legislation ever to get on the House floor, simply by questioning his intellectual abilities. It is an oversimplification to label Ford, the man who led the Congressional hawks arguing during the 1960's that the U.S. was not conducting an "all-out" war in Vietnam, a witless boob.

"Sometimes I think Jerry really believes there is no honorable alternative to his party's position," said representative Richard Bolling (D-Mo.). But the truth lies somewhat closer to journalist Peter Rand's assertion that, "It is just possible, however, that Ford is a fairly bright man of no integrity at all."

Since first being elected to the House of Representatives from Grand Rapids, Michigan in 1948, Ford has steadfastly opposed civil rights legislation "on Constitutional and other grounds." Though his voting record on civil rights legislation is not as bad as you might expect, it is only because of devious behind the scenes activity during the formation of the legislation.

According to one report, "His habit was to vote to kill or weaken civil rights bills in their formative stages, but go on record in favor of them in the final vote." (Black Congresspeople voted almost unanimously against his confirmation as Vice President.)

"I have voted consistently as a conservative in financial affairs," Ford said in 1972. "I think that is the right policy." Certainly this is the right policy by the new president, no side issue by the new president. According to the report on Ford's Congressional voting record prepared for the House Judiciary Committee considering Ford's confirmation as Vice President, Ford's position on minimum wage

(Continued on Page 8)

## Unsafe at Any Speed President Gerald R. Ford







# EDITORIALS

An article in the recent issue of The Beacon Hill News, the community newspaper for the area, lamented the lack of parking spaces here on the Hill. The reporter noted that the situation grows worse during each academic year when a large influx of Suffolk students invade the area. It was also noted that the University has provided Suffolk students with reduced rates at two nearby parking garages, the Government Center Garage and the Charles River Plaza Garage. Students may park for the entire day for \$1.25 and \$1.00 respectively.

As students at a totally commuter school, we feel that we have an obligation to maintain good relations with the surrounding community. The people who live on Beacon Hill are truly concerned with the quality of life in the area. Suffolk students should respect the concern of the neighborhood and work with the civic groups in the area to make life enjoyable for everyone here on Beacon Hill.

The JOURNAL would urge Suffolk students to utilize the discount parking facilities and thus make life a little easier for the year-round residents.

## Letters

Editor:

We would like to share an experience that we believe Suffolk students should know about. On Tuesday mornings a course called Interpersonal Relations as held with Dr. Lieberman in the Temple St. building. The course is unique because of the great amount of interaction between the participants. This informal structure and exploring of ideas and feelings

is not often found in a college course and we would like to mention members of the student body in joining our group. To find out more about the course please contact Dr. Lieberman in his office.

Thank You

Don

Rick

Jim

Bob

Dear Editor:

In the midst of the present turmoil and controversy over IQ tests, busing and racism in general, one wonders what the real strength of the "third world" movement is? How often do you see a Black female date an Asian male or a light Latina married to a dark Black male? Idiosyncrasy or inhumanity? Pseudo-solidarity or "cultural elitism"? Freedom of choice? Can one talk "black, brown, red or yellow," yet sleep "white"? How can one resolve this racial Tower of Babel confusion? Perhaps we all can begin by letting go the desperate need to prove ourselves to others and to ourselves.

Sincerely,  
Henry Jung

*Ed Note: Copies of this letter were sent to all members of the Board of Trustees by the Student Government Association.*

Dear Trustee:

The Student Government Association of Suffolk University by vote of its membership, unanimously requests that your honorable board take immediate action on the following three matters. We believe that they demand your immediate attention.

1) The position of Chairman of the Board of Trustees at Suffolk University be an unpaid position. Such action would put Suffolk in line with other colleges and universities. Examples of such are Boston College, Boston University, Boston State, Northeastern University, Salem State and the University of Massachusetts at Boston and Amherst. It is considered an honor to be chairman of The Board of Trustees of a univer-

sity, Suffolk being no exception. In addition Suffolk students should not be required to pay this additional salary. We feel that in light of the fact that a vacancy now exists in this position no hardship will be imposed upon any individual by immediately abolishing the salary of this position.

2) There currently exists two vacancies in the position of Life Trustee of Suffolk University. We request that these positions not be refilled as life seats but rather as seats for a term of years. This would allow the board to internally update its structure. Life Trustee seats are a thing of the past and do not make for a viable and vibrant institution. We request that you join with other major universities and do away with life memberships.

3) The position of Trustee of Suffolk University is a very important position, affecting the lives of many students, faculty, and alumni. Therefore, it is imperative that new Trustees be persons of deep commitment and broad backgrounds. To insure that the trustees are fully aware of all such available persons, we request that the Trustees establish a search committee whose function it will be to conduct a diligent search for persons qualified to serve in either of the two existing vacancies on the Board of Trustees. Such a committee shall make a report of its findings and recommendations to all the Trustees. The committee should be composed of members of the alumni, faculty and student bodies of the various segments of the university.

We respectfully request a timely reply to these very important requests.

Respectfully,  
The Student Government Association

BY JEREMY MCGDRASSIL

*The King is dead, long live the King.*

*An oft-used phrase of some talk-show geniuses on late-night TV. I can't remember his name.*

All week the deathwatch had been in progress. Would the King snap? Would he declare thermonuclear war on his own country? The nation waited while one man stalked the White House, his castle crumbling around him and his options narrowed to three. He could resign. He could "tough it out" and endure the most humiliating political experience ever witnessed, or he could do something so dangerous, so terrifying, that no one would ever forget him again.

I remember sitting at home in front of the TV set pondering the situation, rapping the pop-top off a six-pack of Coors, when the panic hit me. Given Nixon's batting average he was almost sure to run with option three. "Up against the wall, America! I've been kicked for the last time. Put your head between your legs and kiss your ass goodbye."

It was a scenario too fraught with terror to even think about. Some suit-coated idiot on TV was mumbling about how Nixon would surely "do what was best for the country." I could picture Dick sitting in the Palace bomb shelter, giggling madly, fondling the red button, his feverish mind pondering the ideal moment to stab it home.

When Ron Ziegler's face flashed on the screen it was almost too much for a veteran acid jockey like me to bear. I could feel the first awful flashback welling up just behind my frontal lobes. His face sprouted hair, and drool began oozing from his lips. Of course, the werewolf syndrome, a rather common phenomenon among abusers of "dangerous" drugs. Ziegler, his voice croaking like a raven gone amok on Turkish hemp, announced that "Her master" would make a statement that night. He then sagged on his heels and stomped away, doubtlessly an act he mastered at the Hitler Haus pavilion in Disneyland. A buzz rose among the White House press staff after Ziegler departed. Rumor has it that most of them were jobhoppers shortly after the announcement, probably meant little to them. They've been trained to keep silent whenever one of the lackies stamps his foot.

The tension mounted as people awaited the words of Nixon that evening. Parnell, my wolfhound, began howling around six o'clock that evening and kept it up until the speech began. The family gathered around the TV set as Dick cranked up his act for what would be the last time.

"Good Evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is der President of America. I have decided to suspend her constitution until this crisis is over."

The words "I have decided to resign" snapped me out of it. The sagging jawline and hangdog look re-enforced the words. The son of a

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS DESK



hitch is hanging it up. No more Nixon to kick us around. The rest of the speech was almost ignored. Send someone to the pool to fetch Jerry Ford and make sure he doesn't show up in swimming trunks.

Later, down at the "Oblivion Bar and Grille," a celebration was taking place. I ordered up a Wild Turkey and a bottle of stout for an hour or so but what the hell he deserves it. His throat was getting raw near the end. All that howling

at the TV set must have been murder on the lymph nodes.

Now that Nixon is a "non-person" I might take a vacation. Pack up and commune with nature for awhile. Give Ford a chance to crank up his act. That's the stuff, get naked in the woods and purge all the evil bile of the Nixon years out of my system. Not to be disturbed until the trial comes up. Covering Nixon's trial for the various Watergate offenses. Of course he'll be prosecuted. Equal justice for all, right?

## Like It Here

(Continued from Page 3)

1. "It (the cafeteria) shows the possibility of doing great harm to the palette."
2. "Nothing is so conditional as this cafeteria."
3. Whenever man feels in any way depressed, he senses the proximity of something ugly."

Fronting on Cambridge Street is the Ridgeway Lane Building. If this building is not Suffolk's most attractive, it certainly is its most liberated, its most socially conscious. It is, after all is said and done, the one area of the University where all walks of life can come

### —PLACEMENT NEWS—

The Placement Director has announced that the Admission Test for Graduate Study in Business (ATGSB) will be offered on Nov. 2, 1974 and on Jan. 25, March 22, and July 12, 1975. The ATGSB is required of applicants to more than 370 graduate business schools. Registration materials for the test and the ATGSB Bulletin of Information are available from the Placement Office, Room 21, Archer Bldg.

The regular ATGSB fee of \$12 includes a score report sent to the candidate, to his undergraduate placement officer, and to as many as three graduate schools designated on the registration form. ATGSB registration forms and test fees must be received at ETS on or before the registration deadline announced in the bulletin. A \$3 late fee is charged for registration forms received after the deadline.

Candidates who cannot register in advance may wish to consider registering at the test center on the day of the test. Walk-in registration is permitted at all test centers if sufficient space and test materials are available after all normally registered candidates have been admitted. To be admitted as a walk-in registrant, a candidate must present a completed registration form and a check or money order for the regular test fee plus an additional \$10 service fee. The \$3 late registration fee does not apply here.

together. Indeed, the Philosophy Instructor was correct when he stated that "the Ridgeway Lane Building is the place where decadence is verging." Opinions about the Building differ but it is appropriate to quote one non-student who, when asked to get off the pool table and pinball machine which he had rigged, into a bed, replied, "one ought to desire to die differently from this: freely, consciously, not accidentally, not suddenly overtaken." (The new student will find in the Ridgeway Lane Building the offices of Student Activities, the Student Government Association, the Suffolk Journal et al.)

On campus, there is also the Archer Building. No one knows anything about the Archer Building.

Across from the Donahue quia Archer Buildings is an attractive brownstone in which is the office of the Director of Public Relations, Louis Connolly. The energetic and pleasant Mr. Connolly is a faculty favorite — a popularity no doubt stemming from his comment that "the help at Suffolk University (faculty etc.) is top flight."

Finally, there is the building at 45 Mt. Vernon Street called, rather ineffectually, "the College of Business Administration." The new student should not be at all surprised if happening upon a sign inside the Mt. Vernon Building upon which is engraved the following motto: "Everything good is inheritance: what is not inherited is imperfect, a beginning. The sign is apparently in response to a barrage of complaints about the building, the most noteworthy being:

1. "Nothing is beautiful, only man."
2. "Well, if the building is possible, that must mean it is permitted, which must mean that it is harmless."

Certainly, the Suffolk Campus has an ambience all its own. And if the properties of the Corporation seem architecturally baroque, even eccentric, the Suffolk Experience is not. In fact, Suffolk has an unusual duality, a successful administration and an accomplished faculty.

Good luck; you will like it here.

A New Public Law creates a veterans group life insurance (VGLI) program for veterans separated from discharged from active service on or after April 3, 1970 and before August 1, 1974. This is a 5 year non-renewable term insurance for up to \$30,000 (Premium per month \$34.00). For more information contact veteran reps on campus in room 17.

# Walden 6 minus 1

by Bob Carr

I noticed something strange about my apartment last summer. I was thinking about moving and I discovered that hardly any of the things which have collected there in the two years of my residence belong to me. After moving out my Salvation Army studio couch, all my remaining possessions would fit into a suitcase and a trunk. After I left, there would still be ample furnishings. Anyone wishing to do so could move right in and live rather comfortably without spending a penny of furnishings of any kind. There would be two single beds, two large tables, four straight-backed chairs, two sets of silverware, a set of dishes that will serve eight, a fringed pan, a sauce pan, a cookie sheet, a muffin pan, a colander, a carving knife, a vacuum cleaner, a bicycle, two chairs, six cans of coffee with chinkies, a clock, a clock on the wall, a set of towels, a set of sheets, an outside door with a glass front, ten cedar blocks, two brooms and a mop and bucket. There are also two dresses, which I assure you are not mine.

All these things were left by people who came and stayed for a week or a month, or two or three or a year, then left to continue their lives in ways they chose or didn't choose and possibly couldn't even have imagined when they lived here. Mind of them I see occasionally, some. I hardly ever see

one I've never seen at all.

The first time I saw the apartment there were two young women living there. They didn't like each other very much, but it didn't matter because one of them was hardly ever around. I fell in love with the dark-eyed one, the one who was around. She, at the time, was going with my best friend. That winter I learned that I was just about a little teacher. When the girl who wasn't around left, she hardly missed her at all. She left her mattress on the floor.

The apartment became the headquarters of a loose association of more or less like-minded students. We were interested in art, literature, theater, film and each other. We were reasonably articulate, witty and not nearly as well read as we thought we were. Politically to the left, though sometimes guided more by libido than ideals, we analyzed the country's problems and determined that the U.S. would sink into the sea if George McGovern were not elected. He wasn't and it didn't. We often talked late into the night and there were usually a few displaced persons sleeping over when the subway stopped running. There was always beet stew, tooth spurs, hi books and light and love and occasional sexual gratification. It was very good. It lasted a winter. The spring came and my friend went West. I moved in briefly with the dark-eyed girl.

The summer was important. We were all together again. There appeared an ogre from the bowels of the building. The ogre presided over the dissolution of whatever bonds held us together. There were ugly scenes and angry mutterings. The dark-eyed girl went to New Orleans with a pirate, then came halfway back. She left a bicycle and two dresses and six cans of coffee with chinkies behind.

Her boyfriend took the apartment when she left. I slept on his couch for four months and washed dishes to pay my rent. He left a room with the pirate. I missed. He left behind the dishes, a set of silverware, the pans, a set of sheets and towels, the clock on the wall. He also left a small aluminum cabinet which we so appreciate that I didn't notice it until last night.

The ogre moved away, leaving me a large wooden table and a bed which I think he got in a cut-rate warehouse. I later borrowed and neglected to return his broom and mop. A girl who came to help me clean left a metal bucket.

Somewhere I acquired a frame and springs for the invisible girl's mattress. The crutches I picked up one night from a trash pile. In mint condition. I prop them in the corners of the kitchen and hang wash from them in the winter time. I finally decided not to move. What the hell, why start all over again?

# Barbs & Beatitudes

by Tim Leonard

"The difficulty with that (presidential pardon) is when you know you're innocent, it precludes the opportunity of having that established finally."

John D. Ehrlichman, when asked if he would accept a presidential pardon.

"When someone hits us we break em... you know they usually end up in the hospital."

Boston Policeman, commenting on what happens when you assault a member of Boston's finest.

Alumni to Ohi

Another member of the administration is leaving the hallowed halls of Suffolk for greener or shall we say slipperier pastures. James F. Matthew, Director of University Development, announced his resignation during the summer.

Matthew, who will leave his post sometime in September, will join a company named Am-Car. The president of Am-Car is one John C. Sterge. Mr. Sterge is the person who donated the oil well to the university. Mr. Matthew's duties used to entail soliciting donations for the university.

What Letter?

On August 30th letters were sent by the S.G.A. to all members of The Board of Trustees (see story and letter elsewhere in this issue). The letter petitioned the Board to act on several issues, 1) The position of Chairman be an unpaid position, 2) Two vacancies on the Board be filled not as life seats but as seats for a number of years, 3) That these positions be filled by persons with a broad background and a deep commitment.

The letter was signed "The Student Government Association," which was an appropriate way of ending the letter. One member of The Board of Trustees didn't think so. Mr. George C. Seybolt of Dedham returned the letter with another letter explaining why he returned the letter (huh?). His test is as follows.

Dear Association Members,

I am returning herewith an unsigned letter-which I received-of August 30.

It has been my custom for years not to respond substantively to unsigned letters. After all, you can hardly expect a recipient to take the time to respond in a careful and thoughtful manner to an inquirer who doesn't take the time to sign his letter.

I'm always glad to discuss any matter which is addressed to me and if the subject seems to merit the attention (and these subjects do) and if I know to whom I'm talking.

Sincerely,

George C. Seybolt

In an effort to clarify this rhetorical runaround The Journal contacted Mr. Seybolt by phone. His answers were even more confusing than the letter.

Journal: "Mr. Seybolt, why didn't you answer the letter?"

Seybolt: "I don't answer letters that aren't signed."

Journal: "Don't you think you were being evasive in not answering the letter?"

Seybolt: "No."

Journal: "Why didn't you answer the specifics of the letter?"

Seybolt: "I did answer the specifics of the letter."

The first person to make sense out of this will receive a lifelong membership on the Board of Trustees.

Congratulations to Dr. Richard L. McDowell on his being named Dean of the College of Business Administration. He succeeds Dean Robert C. Wachler.



There were rumors last year that guards sometimes fell asleep at the security console. As you can see in the picture, this not the case.

do as we say or else. And ya think I care if most people are on your side? Most people are dumb. Most people... Hah! Why the hell do ya think I got so hung up the last time I was here? Because of the traffic!"

"Cause you're a trouble maker!"

"You ruin everybody's fun! Just because you never made it with a chick before."

"Now, Billy, don't say something you're gonna regret later."

"But I C... there's nothin' wrong with doing it. It's healthy, and it makes you feel good, and uh, it's loving. You gotta change with the times, man!"

"No I don't havtuh change with the times. That's the problem. The world is turning and it's turning away from me."

"Well give us a sign. Change my coathanger into a knitting needle or something!"

"I don't wanna perform anymore, tricks."

"But why don't ya want any body?"

"What's wrong with doing doin' it? What's wrong with a reason. Give me one good reason why me one good reason why everybody can't do it like uh, rabbits? That it? Why can't they do it like rabbits?"

(Continued on Page 11)

# Kangaroo Zoo 2

by Leonard Murray

You gotta act a haint. People ain't gonna listen to ya with that down to em shoulders. And look didn't I tell ya to wear the Brooks Brothers suit I sent ya? Jesus Christ I C... whaddaya want people to think? That you're some kinda hippie, freak or something? What kinda impression ya gonna make lookin' like that? Hey, you are the real Jesus aren't you? I mean you don't look like the guy in the publicity photos at all. I thought you had blue eyes."

"Adolt, will you knock it off with the P.R. crap. I came here to talk to Billy. Where is he?"

"Why, I C... he's right over there. The guy playing with the coathanger."

"Adolt, get lost!"

"Yes sir."

"Billy, c'mere. Billy, babs how are ya? Billy do ya mind putting the coathanger away. Yeah, that's right, get it away from there. And the vacuum cleaner. Ya mind turning that off. OK, that's a good boy. Y'know Billy, I'm a little disappointed in ya. I havtuh keep telling ya every time I see ya to cut out the coathanger routine but ya just never seem to listen."

"Uh, I'm sorry."

"No Billy, I don't think ya are sorry. I think ya just love what you're doing and worse, ya seem to think that I love what you're doing too, but I don't."

"I'm sorry. Really, I'm sorry. They made me do it."

"Who made ya do it?"

"The chicks made me do it. The 'liberated' ones."

"Liberated chicks? Boy, I have been away (C) awhile."

"Yeah and they can vote too."

"Really? Well, I'll be."

"They wanna control their own bodies?"

"Control their own bodies?"

"What kinda nonsense does that leave me?"

"I dunno."

"What am I matter with you? If you

gotta let em control their own bodies, how ya gonna check 'em up and keep 'em in their place?"

"I dunno."

"Then ungrateful bitch!" I

send g'nells and they wanna send 'em back. The price of postage, ya

gotta pay the costs y'know. I don't get a discount. This is all your fault! I'm containing 'em like that!"

"But if they don't want the gifts

why can't they send 'em back?"

"'Cause the old man said so."

"Where did he say so? Show me in the book."

"I ain't got a copy on me."

"Some answer."

"Billy don't get smart. If they

don't want a gift they shouldn't be put in an order for the first place. Get the boys in the stock room all fouled up."

"But they only made a mistake.

An accident. I thought you're supposed to forgive and forget and everything."

"Billy, Billy, Billy. You just don't listen at all. Me and the old man

forgive those that are sorry. You ain't sorry, and Dick ain't sorry and most of them chicks ain't sorry. Nobody's sorry for anything anymore. I gotta start cracking down."

"Whaddaya gonna do?"

"Well Billy, how would you and your friends like to go on a little trip?"

"Where we goin'?"

"Thess, light and uh, don't forget the vitamin lotion."

"And I C... c'mon, not another

trip to Miami? The old ladies bug me. I look like it was okay to kill off the goods, why can't I kill off some eyes and vaginas and shit like that?"

"Nobody wants 'em. I do a

professional job. You know that. Heck, I chumman was an amateur. Bush league. Sloppy. And I make a profit too."

"Hold it Billy. I never said it was

okay to kill off the goods."

"But I dunno, and Dick"

"What the hell, everything

is getting outta hand."

"Well what am I gonna do with 'em?"

"What am I gonna do with 'em?"

"I gotta tell ya, I'm a little

lost with the boys. They ain't

open up her own dress, are they?"

"I guess me date, Boss, but dies

ya mind if I havtuh piece of that der

watermelon that ya'll are eatin'?"

"Why sure, boy. Go right ahead.

Say, tell me. Ya people don't seem

to have many problems with uh

with uh, S.E.X."

"Yessa, Boss. Hallelujah! Ain't

that the truth? But don't forget, we

got a natural sense of rhythm and

when you've got a natural sense of

rhythm, you don't havtuh worry

about havin' any accident."

"Well I'll be."

"Billy, who's that?"

"He calls himself Master Bo-

angles."

"Boangles? The guy that does

the tap dance? What am I talkin'

about? Get him outta here. Them

people are a nuisance. They never

give the boys in the stock room a

chance to rest."

"Thanks for the watermelon,

Billy."

"But gettin' back to our discus-

sion, Billy. It's like I've said and the

apoc."

"I thought it was an apple."

"No, it was an apricot. Now on

the surface there's nothin' wrong

with eatin' an apricot right? Well

some principal applies here. There's nothin' wrong with doin' it

but I don't want ya doin' it until

after ya sign the papers. It makes

things a hellavah lot easier for me

when it comes time to take inven-

tories. And I don't want no more

returns on the gifts."

"But people wanna do it. I C..."

They don't care about signing the

papers anymore? All the people are

on my side?"

"Hell, hell, hell! Billy, ya don't

seem to realize that me and the old

man don't run a democracy. You

# EPIPHANY

by Joe Casaghan

*And prayers in black rooms  
were waiting their sounds  
and finding with beams  
in snow and doves*

William Blake

"The Garden of Love"

The pilgrim and the Goddess sat by the river in the afternoon of a dying summer. Oblivious to the world around them, they existed in some alien land of the soul, a place of contradictions: cotton and ice, change and stasis, peace and chaos, solitude and madness. They were two people, one mortal in the pain of change and the other divine in the passive stillness of waiting. Paying homage to the moment frozen in a limbo of some lost eternity, they existed apart from the wheel of life, one crouched in confusion and one in ecstatic anticipation on the threshold of resolving bliss.

There was freedom on her lips, a mixture of resolution and lack of the sweetness which offered alternatives and not the peace longed for in haunted moments in the shadow of his life. The pilgrim, close to her body but not close enough, he was seeking the union of their beings, a cotton of essences, a Dionysian sublimation that would take him to

divine sunlight at the pinnacle of existence. The sun-plash through treeleaves offered him a temporal beauty too brief and fleeting to bring solace. It was but a painful reminder of juncture in the life and terrible agony at the prospect of the one untaken.

When the pilgrim spoke it was silently. He was unwilling to baptize his words in the uncharted air of a common universe. His voice resonated within the confines of his soul, a fury seeking release from darkness to illumination. The words came, cresting, awesome from the seams of his being.

Come to me, softly, in the heart of the dawn, after the terrible ravages of night have fled. Come quickly with your magic, charmed potents, beyond my understanding, to heal wounds bleeding and still unhealed. Weave the bitterness of change into a tapestry of us yet unseen by mortal eyes.

I seek sublimation for it offers divinity, pain too it is the soulpath to bliss, the key within your being for it unlocks doors too long unopened and rusted from disuse. You keep flame freedom close to your breast, stillness in the center of confusion and peace in the

derelict world of change.

Priestess of my soul, make me wholly, wholly whole!

At the end of day, in a twilight neither world of shadow and reality, the pilgrim found himself alone. Desolation stalked the rivergrove. He knew the ritual of decision must be one of the individual alone in the universe. His image remained a haunting presence on the borders of his mind, a mirror, spirit-form that made him desperately seek the reality of flesh and blood.

He left oft and wearies yet aware that she was offering a unique salvation, a registered savior into the depths of his being. Did he have the courage to transcend into a realm of glimmers in auras of wonderment? Freely, given she held it before him. With pride and a gentleness born of compassion she placed within his grasp the burning chain of love and the hitherto secret decision, capable of altering the derelict of his life. He would drink deeply or not at all.

In the morning, with the light of a new day blazing glorious in the heavens, synthesis of the soul would begin. He would stand alone, naked unto himself in the clear brilliant dawn to await the cleansing fire of a holy rain.



Etching by Linda Day

## A Poetic Pilgrimage

by Steven B. Katz

Unreal City

*Under the brown fog of a winter dawn*

*I crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many*

*I had not thought death had undone so many*

Contrary to Eliot's vision in 1922, I discovered this summer when I arrived in London that something had endured. England had been broken as a great world power in another century. William Blake had written:

*I wander thro' each charter'd street*

*Near where the charter'd Thames does flow*

*And mark in every face I meet*

*Marks of weakness, marks of woe.*

Yet it still persisted. After the Great Fire in 1666, Dryden had written:

*More than human now and more august*

*Now defied she from her fire does rise*

But it is more than the medieval spires, the Tower, and the Houses of Parliament that fascinate the people and the parks that flourished between the polluted streets. The city was a manifestation of something more real, something that had withstood the wars, the fires, the bombs. It was a tradition, a spirit that was worn mournfully by the people, and the city itself that had so gracefully moved from ancient to modern time.

I stayed on the outskirts of Kensington Gardens, of which I had written:

*Here at my feet what wonders*

*What endless secret life is here*

*What bloom and dew, what fragrant*

*grass*



a view of London from across the Thames

*What air stirred forest fresh and clear*

*Rather than destroying England, calamity and cross had*

*facilitated the unification of a humbled people, the preservation of the country*

Although Coleridge wrote:

*I was reared*

*In the great city*

*From mid-Lower down*

*it became possible for me to understand how so many of*

*England's greatest writers and poets, for whatever reasons, could*

*derive inspiration from the heart of the City*

*— which is to say, virtually the whole of it. London is a city of*

*unique beauty, of atmosphere, a symbol of a spiritual heritage*

which is embodied in its literature. Thus I began a poetic pilgrimage.

*To one who has been long in its*

*city*

*To see, street by street, into the*

*heart*

*And open halls of heaven*

*As I traveled by rail to Oxford it*

*became more and more evident just how accurate*

*Keats' had been in these lines. Once passing the con-*

*tinued industrial areas outside of London, it became aware of a*

*natural beauty, stretching out for miles. The wooded trees topped*

*with the low hanging clouds, the shifting stalks of wheat, the grazing*

*sheep and flocks on the sides of the hills and in the valleys. The colors*

*of the English countryside*

reminded me of an illustration in *The Wind and the Willows* or a book of fairy tales I had read as a child. It was, not only unimaginable, unbelievable, it was also ineffable.

After being served sandwiches and tea by a porter, the clean, comfortable train pulled smoothly up to Oxford Station exactly on time. A shiny, well-kept cab then transported me to the little, thatched-roof village of Stanton St. John, located just outside of Oxford.

In Oxford, I was taken back by the immense presence of the University. The town of Oxford was the University, or so it seemed. And the university itself, each large college consisting of buildings thousands of years old contained its own quadrangle, replete with gothic columns and a variety of blooming flowers that lined its walks. Here, one could sense the awesome splendor and power of knowledge. And it was here that they chose to honor the nude body of the drowned Shelley, who had written:

*Men of England, wherefore plough*

*For the lords who lay ye low?*

*Wherefore weave with toil and care*

*The rich robes your tyrants wear?*

Even Wordsworth, who was educated at Cambridge University, was struck by the solemn glory of Oxford University.

*Let us see, spires of Oxford*

*Domes and towers*

*Gardens and groves, your presence proclaims*

*The soberness of reason, till in*

*each*

*Transforming, and ending in a*

*bold exhalation*

*I slight my own beloved Carl*

While visiting Oxford's famous Blackwells, I purchased an early and complete Oxford edition of Wordsworth's poetry to study on my upcoming trip to England's verdant Lake District.

*Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze*

*A sign that while it fans my cheek*

*Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings*

*From the green fields, and from*

*yon azure sky*

After three and a half hours, reaching Kendall, the old market town of the Lakeland, I journeyed to Lake Windermere, the largest lake in England. I was absorbed, consumed, stupefied, one with nature at last.

*How beautiful when up a lofty height*

*Honour ascends among the*

*humblest of poet*

*And feeling sinks as deep?*

While in Windermere, I took an opportunity to hear a reading by a contemporary Lakeland poet in a small auditorium, a middle-aged English gentleman and his family approached me and asked, "Is it Wordsworth?" When I informed him that it wasn't, he left. The poet, Irving Hunt, was at least bucolic.

Walking that evening, sounds from the woods reminded me of something Coleridge wrote:

*The trout performs its secret*

*maneuvers*

*Unhelped by any wind. The*

*clouds are*

*Came loud and hark again*

*lull as before*

The next day, crossing Lake Windermere by ferry and walking

four miles through Far Sawrey,

(Continued on Page 9)



# SIGHTS and SOUNDS

## The Murder of A Moralist

By Joe Gavaghan

Lenny Bruce: The Comedian as Social Critic and Secular Moralist by Frank Kofsky. New York: Monal Press, 1974. 128 pages \$1.95.

When Lenny Bruce was "murdered" he took with him many of the moral and social taboos that had caused his death. I use the term "murdered" because society drove that needle into his arm just as it had driven him off the stage in cities all across America. His life was offered up to the gods of narrow-minded American morality, a morality so rife with corruption that it could only be purged by human sacrifice. Lenny Bruce as sacrificial lamb is a theory that slowly becomes a truism with every Bruce "but" we are exposed to.

In recent years Bruce has become a cultural hero of sorts. His message, so outrageous 10 years ago, is almost common exchange in the public marketplace now. The words that caused him so much trouble are in relatively common use today. In more ways than one the "heavies" died that Bruce paid were not his alone, they were the dues of a society that was too timid, too afraid to pay them.

In his book, *Lenny Bruce*, Frank Kofsky presents some new perspectives from which to look at the offerings of Bruce. One of the author's avowed motives for writing the book was to hopefully prevent Bruce from becoming just one more dead hero in a culture that kills before it worships because dead idols are easier to live with than living revolutionaries. Kofsky cites such attempts as the stage play, *Lenny*, as proof that the faithfuls are flocking to the altar, 10 years too late.

Perhaps the most innovative theory offered by Kofsky is "Bruce as Secular Moralist." During his career Bruce was always fascinated by American morality, it's illogical creed and deadly consequences. Some of Bruce's best material deals with the laws, both written and otherwise, which govern people's lives. He applied logic to a morality

that could not withstand it's glaring illumination. Why does organized religion get rich while poor people go hungry? Why can a husband "look around" to bolster his sagging self-image but forbid his wife to do it because "only whores and tramps do that sort of thing"? Why must men never cry and women never be strong? Why must a man like Lenny Bruce suffer for telling the truth in a society where truth stands as a shining virtue?

Kofsky presents the reader with a healthy dose of Bruce's material and then analyzes it to make his comments. The material deals with race relations, religion, politics, male female relationships, and society in general. The reader must have in mind while reading the material that it occurred over 10 years ago in a social climate vastly different than the one of today.

James Joyce, a man admired by Bruce in many ways, once remarked to a friend, "You don't know how wonderful dirt really is." Joyce's genius allowed him to find beauty and, more importantly, truth in the world of dirt reality. Bruce allowed himself to bloom into a leopard who stalked the American landscape holding up raw dirt to the light of day. Like Joyce's Bloom half a century before, Bruce was deeply affected by his everyday experiences to the extent that he also used them as "epiphanies," revelations that instructed. What Joyce paid for by exile, Bruce paved for by death a difference that makes a severe statement about our culture.

There is the ever-present danger in a culture such as ours that men like Bruce or Joyce for that matter, become mere fodder for the malaise that haunts our lives. One woman I know loved to listen to recordings of Bruce's material because "he uses swear words in such a cute way." Lenny didn't pay his dues to tickle the forbidden nerve of America's moros. His death, as well as his life, is a testimony to truth and a warning to us about what happens to people when they refuse to accept reality in favor of mass produced, socially sanctioned SHIT.



## Living Legends Return

by Paul Indeson

In the world of popular music, 1974 will probably be remembered as the year when the living legends came out of seclusion and returned to the stage.

The first giant comeback was under the heading of the Dylan Band tour. After an eight year absence, Mr. Zimmerman decided that it was time to go on the road again. He used "The Band" as his back-up musicians, headliners in their own right, but no one is too good to accompany Big Bob.

Of course, the tour was a smashing success, playing to sold-out arenas across North America. Dylan, himself, took a great amount of criticism, some of it adverse, and some of it favorable. The typical "Dylan freaks" seemed somewhat shortchanged by their hero's performance. Some felt that he had lost certain qualities that they had admired in him. For instance, his sudden change from acoustic to electric music in the mid-sixties alienated many of his earliest supporters.

Despite that, Dylan survived the entire affair, coming out far ahead financially. The albino significance of the endeavor, however, left a lot to be desired.

The other concert tour that generated as much, if not more excitement as Dylan's, was the resurrection of Eric Clapton. The use of the word "resurrection" should not be taken too lightly. For Clapton, his return to the stage after three years could be considered a form of rising from the deceased state.

During that period, "Old Slowhand" was addicted to heroin. When he realized that he was losing his health, self-respect, and material possessions, he decided to terminate his marriage to scag. He

went through electric acupuncture treatments specifically for heroin addiction and as of now says that he is completely cured — hopefully.

With Clapton behind him, Clapton went right back to work. He formed a band and took the troop to Florida in order to record "4th OF JULY BOULEVARD," his new album which is doing very well at the moment.

In it, Eric shows another side of his musical personality. Instead of the familiar heavy guitar riffs, most of the solos that he does are laid-back. As with Dylan, his new sound confuses many of his loyal followers, but even though it is different, it's good.

However, anyone who saw Clapton at the Boston Garden will attest to the fact that he has not lost his old touch. If anything, it has improved if that's possible.

He surprised the audience by walking out on stage with an acoustic guitar in his hand. He further baffled the crowd by breaking into an old standard entitled, "Smile," as his opening number. After playing a couple of new songs, Eric finally strapped on the electric guitar and went into "Killer and the Hand Jive," also from his most recent album.

Although he and his band were together musically, the people were still waiting to hear the master break loose.

Finally their dreams were realized as Clapton played the opening lines to "Layla." The crowd rushed the stage like a tidal wave, and from that point on the show had officially begun.

He continued to dazzle the masses by his brilliant guitar work on "Have You Ever Loved A Woman," as well as on other notables such as "Presence of the Lord" and "Bluespower."

His finale, "Badge," brought the audience to a frenzied pitch, and it wasn't just because they were watching Clapton. He earned every cheer, yell, scream, and applause due to his superlative guitar knowledge. People left the Garden knowing that they had seen more than just a rock superstar. They had seen a rare performer whose talent exceeds his immense popularity.

Clapton's performance was the most important event of the year. It will probably take the return of his best friend, George Harrison who will be touring the United States in the fall, to cause that much excitement again.

### GREETINGS

Dear Student,

The Department of Student Affairs would like to extend a cordial welcome to you as you begin your studies at Suffolk University. We exist to be of help to you, the student, in every way possible. Please drop into the Ridgeway Building, Room 5, to meet Pam and me; coffee is always brewing.

It is our hope that you will become involved in at least one of the on-going extracurricular activities this fall. Suffolk University offers many clubs and activities, each affording opportunity for personal growth and development. Participation in these activities provides opportunities to meet new people, develop leadership ability through independent action, have enjoyable times, and become active in community service, social activities, political affairs and academic-cultural events.

Also, the Department of Student Affairs and the Student Government Association need your input and ideas to better meet the needs of Suffolk University students and to bring about constructive change where you see it needed. Take interest in your University and in your development. The non-participant is going to miss the social and learning potential of the extracurriculum. Be involved!!

To introduce you to some of the clubs and to the campus service and social fraternities and sororities, the Student Government Association will sponsor an "Activities Fair" of one day duration late in September or early in October. Here you will have an opportunity to see some of the activities available and to talk with current members. Please try to take advantage of this opportunity.

Again, drop into RLS for coffee and conversation anytime! We look forward to meeting you soon!

Pamela Strassen

James O. Peterson  
Director of Student Affairs

Sept 16 Ridgeway Lounge open Hours 9:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.  
Sept 13 Night at the Old Vienna Hofbrau 1314 Comm Ave 8:00 p.m. to 12:00 p.m.

FRI Do all Freshmen and Transfer students  
tickets required for admittance pick up free tickets at the Student  
activities Office 76 Ridgeway Lane Building  
Opening of Rathskeller Free movie at 8:00 p.m. The Marx Brothers in  
"Days at the Races"

Oct 1 SGA Program Committee presents "Shakespeare's Lovers" selections on  
the theme of love from the plays and poems of William Shakespeare  
S.U. Auditorium, 1:00 p.m. FREE

Oct 5 Movie Program "Walking Tall" S.U. Auditorium 8:00 p.m. FREE

Oct 26 SGA Concert Committee presents Jonathan Edwards and Tom Waits  
in concert  
S.U. Auditorium 8:00 p.m.  
Ticket information to be announced.

### STUDENT HELP WANTED

Ridgeway Lounge Attendants needed Three positions are available  
\$2.00 per hour 13.15 hours per week  
Job descriptions available upon application  
Inquire at the Student Activities Office 76 Ridgeway Lane  
Application deadline Sept 17 4:30 p.m.



# PILL PUSHERS

WASHINGTON (JNS)—It's never been much of a secret that drug companies are notoriously loose with their material favors when it comes to their most important customer—the doctor. This spring testimony before the Senate Health Subcommittee only confirmed the obvious in glowing detail.

Dr. Martin Shargel of Silver Springs, Maryland, said that he had started taking pills in 1956 as a pharmacy student. He recalled how he and friends used to go to medical meetings, fill shopping bags with free drug samples and toys "dump our loot" in a car and return for more.

A few years later he and other senior pharmacy students paying only train fare, went to the Lilly plant in Indianapolis. There Lilly provided lavish entertainment "every conceivable comfort in bed and board" and even "cash to put in the vending machine at the company plant," said Shargel.

Later, Shargel enrolled in medical school and twice he and his wife, along with other physician couples, accepted invitations from Lederle Laboratories to visit its plant at Pearl River, New York.

"We went to New York City, stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria, dined and dined at incredibly expensive restaurants, went to Broadway shows and had a marvelous time all at the expense of Lederle," taken by limousine to Pearl River, they had a "pleasant and enlightening" plant tour and left "with more gift boxes of samples."

And Shargel's testimony of drug company bribes was corroborated by others: reintroducing a subcommittee disclosure that 20 leading drug companies in 1973 alone gave away more than 2 billion pills as free samples, along with 128 million gifts and more than 45 million product "reminders" items. They also sponsored more than 41,000 "plant tours" and 7,519 symposiums.

Incidentally, the American Medical Association, which had previously claimed that only "a handful" of companies and doctors engage in the gift-giving, backed down on that statement under questioning by the subcommittee. The AMA also admitted that the drug industry accounted for about \$9 million of its \$34.5 million in revenue last year.

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## GREEK COLUMN

by Brian Walker

Traditionally the Greek Column is a chronicle of events, past, present and future, which is set within the Greek fraternal system at Suffolk University. This Greek Column is designed as a literal introduction to the fraternities and societies of the Ridgeway building.

Every Greek organization is currently outlining its activities for the new fiscal year, and with few exceptions, can only claim "rushing" as the present responsibility. "Rushing" the process by which potential members are selected, will continue through the next two weeks.

The fraternal system at Suffolk is composed of two societies and four fraternities. The societies are Gamma Sigma Sigma, the service society which resides in RI 7, and Phi Sigma Sigma, the social society in RI 15. The fraternities include Delta Sigma Psi, business in RI 10; Phi Alpha Tau, communications in RI 12; Alpha Phi Omega, service in RI 11; and Tau Kappa Ipsilon, social in RI 14.

Both societies will hold rushing parties this week for any and all interested girls. Phi Sigma has plans to attend a rush conference at the University of Rhode Island.

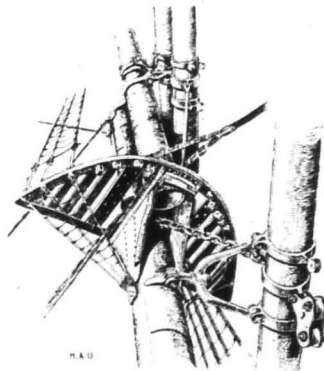
In the meantime, Delta Sigma Psi plans to hold business tours, luncheons and seminars during the rushing and pledge periods. Phi Alpha Tau will participate in the MacDivot Goodwill Tournament of Lions C's in Salem. Tau Kappa Ipsilon will hold a rush party and host a nearby chapter.

Intramural sports have always captivated the attention of the Greek organizations. This fall three teams will be involved in the Intramural flag football program. The Phi Alpha Tau team will be called the "Hoombies" while Delta Sigma Psi and Alpha Phi Omega will combine skills to form the Delta team. Tau Kappa Ipsilon's "IKE team" makes the participation complete.

Unlike the fraternities at most colleges, those at Suffolk have no housing facilities. Like Suffolk itself, they are composed of commuting students. At one point in history, IKE, the youngest fraternity on campus, had a basement apartment on Beacon Hill, while Delta, APO, and PHI often utilized the apartments of their fraternity brothers.

Although each organization is designated as a social service, business, or communications, each strives for a good social atmosphere and a charitable service program.

\*\*\*\*\*  
SUFFOLK JOURNAL STAFF  
MEETING FOR NEW  
MEMBERS TUESDAY, SEPT.  
17 1:00 p.m. Ridgeway Lane  
Building, Office 109 EVERYONE  
IS WELCOME.



## Poetic Pilgrim

Wordsworth resided at Dove Cottage. I also went to Greta Hall in Keswick, home of Coleridge and Southey respectively.

On a steep hill directly opposite my lodge was Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's last and most elaborate home during the time he was made Poet Laureate after Southey's death. Dora's field, dedicated to his daughter, was adjacent to this.

My investigations, however, not only involved these national landmarks, for the poets had roamed throughout the entire region. I thought that I must have had the same feeling as Wordsworth did a hundred and fifty seven years ago, climbing the same paths that led through the clouds.

Within the mind strong tangles work.

A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
"Oh! as I pass along the firk  
Of these fraternal hills."

visited the Elizabethan Grammar School that Wordsworth had attended.

After many miles and days of exploration, and several hundred pages, I was captivated in my study of the maturing Wordsworth.

Far from my dearest friend 'tis mine to rove

Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral curve,  
Where Dovescent rests, and listens to the roar

That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Ladore.

Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,

To willows hedge-rows, and to emerald meads.

Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds.

Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds.

Where, undisturbed by winds, Windstar sleeps.

Where twilight gleams endear my Esthwaith's shore.

**"How beautiful when up  
a lofty height  
Honour ascends among  
the humblest of poor,  
And feeling sinks as  
deep!"**

Moving up to a sixteenth century lodge in Rydal, I made daily visits to Dove Cottage in Grasmere, where William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lived, and entertained many friends such as Coleridge, DeQuincey, Lamb and others. (Keat's called once, and to the Wordsworth Museum on an adjoining street where I perused many manuscripts and first editions of not only Wordsworth and the above mentioned, but also the most notably Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate during life time.

(Continued on next page)

- Q. Have you decided on a career?  
A. I want to be a poet  
Q. A poet?  
A. Yes, why?  
Q. I thought you had more brains than that.

The Suffolk Journal encourages all students with an interest in poetry to submit their material to the Journal for publication. Bring all works to the Journal office in Ridgeway Lane.

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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE SUFFOLK COMMUNITY  
Published by Suffolk University  
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# Poetic Pilgrimage

(Continued from previous page)

Wordsworth, but as Wordsworth wrote:

*Reflected round in earth's diurnal course*

*With rocks, and stones, and trees.*

I accomplished much more than I had expected for I had the honor to meet and know Richard Wordsworth, last descendant and great great grandfather of the poet. Staying at the same lodge we found much time to discuss his great ancestors and their acquaintances. Delaying my trip to Scotland, I attended the reading he gave of Robert Southey celebrating the bicentennial of the poet, at the Crosthwaite Church in Keswick, where he was buried. Here was his monument: here was his grave.

*My days among the dead are past*

*And now I behold*

*Why in these casual eyes are cast*

*The smothered minds of old.*

During the seven hour trip from Carlisle through Scotland, the



Oxford University

I was also introduced to the basic difference between the English and the Scots, although the people in England are naturally inclined to be beatific, candid and friendly in

vigorous, healthy and isolated. This was their beauty. As Robert Burns wrote one August:

*Now we're in winds and slaughter*

*ring guns*

*rise at night*  
*To muse upon my charmer*

At 18:45 (8:45 P.M.) the train began down a slope into Inverness located on a bay far up north in Scotland. It didn't become completely dark until around 10:30 and even then, the sky was never black, but rather a deep velvet blue that grew shades lighter on the northern horizon, shadowed by the gray clouds and the bright stars.

The bay on the North Sea fed the River Ness that curved through and out of Inverness, bringing in the large white seagulls that cawed throughout the city, especially near the market place. Loch Ness was like a group of large separate lakes that extended, connected, bent and continued for many miles. (They will never find the monster.) Standing on its banks, the clouds suddenly drew up and a fierce, brutal storm began to rage about me. The weather, like the people and the land, was just as unpredictable, surly and tough.

*I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing*  
*Gulls in the sun's beam*  
*Listening to the wild birds sing*

*ing*

*By the falling crystal stream*

*Streight the sky grew black and darning*

*Thro' the woods the whirling winds*

*rave*

*Trees with aged arms were waving*

*ing*

*Over the swelling drumble wave*

I also ventured in these few days to the Isle of Skye, crossing a small inlet of the North Sea by ferry. On the large island, I was dangerously thin, two-way road led through the mountains, the woods, the moors of large purple cowslips and the bracken and the fog.

After almost thirteen hours on the Flying Scotsman from virtually the top of Scotland, I was back in London. The following day, I paid tribute to England's immortal William Shakespeare in Stratford-upon-Avon. His birthplace, a window of which was scratched with the initials of Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens and many others, and his garden where was his home was before it was destroyed in the last century. Just outside of Stratford was Anne Hathaway's Cottage, where she waited to marry Shakespeare while he made his fame in London. As Shakespeare wrote in a sonnet:

*Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes*  
*Shall outlive this powerful rhyme*

And in Stratford on his tomb contained in a church that is beginning to crumble, are inscribed in his famous epitaph, the last, threatening lines:

*Blessed be the man that spares these stones*

*Curst be he that moves my bones*

On the last day in London, besides some of the more popular tourist attractions, I went to the Byron Exhibition sponsored by the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was disorderly, but an impressive conglomeration of Byroniana related to or influencing the poet's life, including manuscripts, portraits, books, letters, clothes, room settings of his study as well as his death-bed, even huge locks of his lover's hair.

*These locks which fondly thus ensue*

*In finer chains our hearts constrain*

*Than all th' unmeaning protestations*

*Which swell with nonsense, love orations.*

In conclusion, I spent the remainder of the day in Westminster Abbey, for here, in Poet's Corner, were gathered the monuments on the walls and the floors to England's greatest writers and poets. As Francis Beaumont said of the Abbey more than four centuries ago:

*MORTALITY, behold, and*

*tear*

*What a change of flesh is here!*

And there, across from the bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, next to the stones of Browning and Tennyson, and underneath that of John Massfield, England's last Poet Laureate, was the stone erected in memory of T.S. Eliot, the only other poet from America besides Longfellow to have been so honored. "The communication of the dead is forked in tongues of fire beyond the language of the living."

Thus, my sojourn was over. As the plane ascended, I took my last glimpse of Britain, and the sky was clear as we passed thirty seven thousand feet over the Atlantic; above Newfoundland, Quebec; and finally down into America: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Boston.

*Central City*



Dove Cottage

**"Blessed be the man that spares these stones  
Curst be he that moves my bones. . ."**

Landscapes metamorphosed from a million English countryside into a stark, desolate, bleak, and forbidding. At all times outside of the few big cities there was nothing but grassy heath, moorland and mountain crags, with a few unimproved farms scattered with sheep between

settlements. I met many people, the Scots tend to be clamorous, warm and more suspicious of outsiders. They were confined in a factor show Edward on a Scotland station. "Not only do the Scots mistrust people from other countries, but from neighboring villages as well." They are like their country: simple

*Blow, Tyranny's pleasure*  
*weather*  
*By the falling crystal stream*  
*Streight the sky grew black and darning*  
*Thro' the woods the whirling winds*  
*rave*  
*Trees with aged arms were waving*  
*ing*  
*Over the swelling drumble wave*



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## History Professors Announce Retirement Plans

by Dennis Vandal

The academic year of 1973-1974 marked the last year of teaching for two members of the History Department.

After a combined total of 44 years of service to Suffolk University, Dr. Norman Brooks Floyd and Prof. Charles Hamlin Farley have retired.

Dr. Floyd was born in Lynn, Mass. on December 13, 1907. He graduated from Phillips Exeter in 1926. After receiving his Bachelor's Degree in History from Amherst College in 1930, he went on to earn his Masters from Harvard University in 1934 and his Doctorate in 1939, also at Harvard.

His teaching career began as an assistant in the History Department at Harvard from 1938. One year later he became an instructor of history at the Boston and Nichols Schools. He remained there until 1943.

After teaching at Phillips Academy for four years, he came to Suffolk. He taught Suffolk students for 17 years and for all but two of those years he was chair-



man of the department. He presently resides at 2 Bombardier Circle in Andover with his wife, Clara.

Professor Farley was born on the 4th of July, 1907 in Portland, Maine. After receiving his Bachelor's Degree from Bowdoin College in 1930, he earned his Masters Degree from Harvard. He completed his research work for his Doctorate also at Harvard.

Professor Farley started as an instructor at Bowdoin College and remained there until the outbreak

of the second world war. After service in the Army, he returned to Bowdoin.

During his young career, Professor Farley taught at the University of California, Santa Barbara College, Mass. Institute of Technology, and St. Paul's school in Concord.

He began teaching at Suffolk in 1957. With the close of the 1974 summer session, Prof. Farley brought his 17 yearlong career at Suffolk to a close. He is presently residing in Cambridge.

## Freshman Elections

The Student Government Association announced at its first meeting that Freshman elections will be held on October 17 and 18.

All Freshmen who would like to run for a position as a class officer must secure signatures from 25 members of his or her class. The nomination papers must be signed between October 7 and 11. They must be handed to the Student Activities office no later than 5:00 pm on the 11th.

All candidates will have the opportunity to speak to the members of the Freshman class on the 15th.

## Veteran Reps Open Office

by Mark Rogers

Suffolk's 900 odd veterans no longer have to walk across Cambridge St. to the H.K. building and wait hours to see their representative. Richard P. Brophy and Fred J. Henenberg, from the Veterans Administration, have opened shop in RI 17.

The new office has been opened since August 1. For the next two months, the issuing of advance educational assistance checks will be their main function. But both men emphasized that at least one of the representatives is in the office from 8:30 AM to 4:30 PM Tuesdays through Fridays and until 3:00 PM on Mondays to fulfill all veteran needs.

The two men came to Suffolk from a group of 34 veterans assigned to colleges and universities in Massachusetts.

Richard Brophy is a 28 year old native of Boston. He is a graduate of Boston College and in 1968 entered Suffolk Law School. He left a year and a half later and entered the Army.

Fred J. Henenberg, 26, also from Boston, received a B.S. in Math from Boston State in 1970. He served in the Navy from 1970 to 1974.

Brophy explained some of the various plans under which veterans can receive educational assistance. The most common programs that which grants 36 months assistance to anyone who has served at least 181 days in the service and received an honorable discharge.

The Vocational Rehabilitation Program is for those veterans who are at least 30 percent disabled.

Everything from his tuition to his pocket calculator is paid for by the government.

Dependents between the ages of 18 and 26 of totally disabled veterans or veterans who died of a service related disability receive what is in effect veterans status for educational assistance.

Another program which is not well known is the Tutorial Aid Plan. If a Veteran is thinking a course he may request funds to pay for a tutor. If, after counseling, he is deemed qualified to receive such benefits, he will be allowed as much as \$50 for tutorial fees per month.

The new office of the Veterans Administration at Suffolk University is busy. Brophy and Henenberg solve a score of problems. They are fast and efficient. They have many answers or they know where to get the right answer almost immediately.

They wish to inform all of the veterans at Suffolk they are holding a large amount of advance checks. If you are not sure whether or not you are eligible for such assistance they urge you to drop in to see them or call at 723-4700 ext. 337.

Cooperation and the will to help seems to be the prevailing spirit in RI 17. Many people who had dealings with the office were pleased with the treatment they received. One man remarked that they had "all the checks right at the school and that you don't have to starve waiting for the money. Veteran-Student David A. Tompkin summed up the general feeling when he said, "It's a damn good office."

## SPORTS ARENA Waiting for Tiant's 21st

by Santoro

If Luis Tiant never throws his 21st victory this season it should come as no surprise to Boston baseball fans.

Within three weeks time, the 34 year old workhorse of the Sox pitching staff has thrown four brilliant ballgames for a team which seems to be bogging him more often than his opponents.

I wonder what will follow first, that tingling arm which works so well in the hot summer sun, or that tough Cuban pride which seems to be wearing down with every disheartening game he hurls.

Looking back on that 1-0 game

vs. Baltimore, the beginning of the end of the Red Sox four month regime atop the AL East, THAT was disheartening.

The following 34-20 losses and finally 1-1 struggle vs. the Yankees Tuesday night eventually dropped the Sox two games from the top 10.

As he left the mound Tuesday night his head hung low, shaking slowly back and forth. I could have sworn I saw a tear or two.

According to my Fenway friend, a conversation took place in the clubhouse that night. It went something like this:

"Thirty-six innings and yow! guys give me one goddam run. Maybe yow! should get the losses."

"Aw, com'on! I u, we're running our asses off!"

"Well, Jesus, yow! are runnin' us right into the dirt. You want I should dig?"

"Hell, you got your 20, what'd ya want? We're gonna help ya out, I u."

## Fall Activities

Fall activities are underway with the golf and cross-country teams in preparation for their first meets and the tennis team is just getting into full swing.

### GOLF

September 20 Little Four Tournament - Saddle Hill  
September 23 Lowell State - Mt. Pleasant  
26 & 27 N.E. Intercollegiate Tour - New Seabury  
October 1 Clark - Stone  
9 Bentley - Saddle Hill  
17 Assumption - Pleasant Valley

### TENNIS

September 28 Gordon College  
October 4 Pittsburg State  
9 Lowell Tech.  
16 Lowell State  
19-Barrington  
23 Framingham  
31 Bentley

## Woman Sports Instructor

by Santoro

A special announcement from the Athletic Office is expected to be made sometime this week. It concerns the appointment of Suffolk University's first Woman Athletic and Activities Instructor. As yet, the appointment has not been finalized.

According to Athletics Director, Charles Law, the appointment is being made by the University in compliance with the recently passed Title Nine law whereby schools and colleges are obligated to make an effort to involve women in their athletic program and other activities.

The appointment is expected to enlarge women's involvement in Suffolk's already existing athletic programs (Tennis, Golf, Intramurals) and possibly expand into new ones.

Women seeking further information are invited to contact Mr. Law in the Athletics Office, 36 Temple St.

## WSUB PRESENTS

the last episode of

THE PRISONER  
THE KINKS

and

BARWELL MR. PRESIDENT

Tues Sept 17 & Thurs Sept 19  
At 1 pm

WSUB presents

## SGA Petition

(Continued from Page 1)

College of Business Administration

Finally, Donald, McGuirk told the SGA of his disappointment at the slow sale of the Faculty Evaluation. He complained that the price of \$1 seemed to be prohibitive for many students and that the price should be lowered to 50 cents. The motion was tabled. The SGA will decide a course of action at the next meeting.

## Zoo

(Continued from Page 5)

"Because Billy, rabbits don't get into Heaven, that's why. Now c'mere I want ya to deliver this message personally to PP."

"What is it?"  
"It's a requisition for 55 million bullet proof, stainless steel chastity belts. Tell him to hook the big ring

if he doesn't have any cash on hand. And tell him to put a rush on delivery to B.U., Radcliffe, Simmons, and uh, this place Suffolk. Any action goin' on there?"

"I C. J. C.?"  
"Billy, sweetie, if your mother was the Virgin Mary, could he sayin' the same thing too?"



## A Vacation Weekend OR The Cat's Meow

By Ray King

The misadventure that the following night I spent for a thick and hairy cat's meow.

A few days before the lights of Lantana to speak, and I was in Mouse, my cat, showed a real mouse around my bed. I opened the door and they both ran out. A real mouse first pursued by my cat Mouse. The sound of cat paws running along the hall continued till I am then I fall asleep only to be awakened at 9 am by friends with their English Bull Adam.

Adam pursued Mouse, as if she were a fox, through the house, knocking over lamps and vases where they went.

Adam lives with a Samson in the city and just wants to be friends. I was told. How was I to get this across to Mouse, who was riding Adam, all sixteen laws in his back.

"Mouse was chased up a tree by an Afghan when she was 8 weeks old and has hated dogs since," I explained.

I pondered how to teach the animals to live not only to save my remaining lamps and vases, but my sanity, how for Mouse, who'd the problem here it disappeared for three days.

After Adam left she returned ravenous and sat quietly under the house, like a cat. How sweet she looked. How deserving of her name.

Hummingbirds feasted on the honey suckle, nectar and Mouse feasted on the hummingbirds. She also devoured aphids of the conifers. Japanese beetles and black ants with a much movement as I do some lobsters and former fishes, some I contemplated a cement to her name, to Elephantine.

An afternoon at the beach might help me to forget the broken lamps and vases. I thought. It did. I watched a gigantic plastic shark pulled by a bottomless boat while crabbed on my toes.

This sight and several nibbled toes drove me from the water back to the house and Mouse. As the free living of rolling alone on a ten-speed bicycle.

I looked in the yard head first. The kids, my daughter and her friends had been painting rocks which were left on the walk right in my bicycle path. A cushion of Japanese beetles broke me fall.

I set up went to the kitchen without a car, filled it with water, and shod a foot pull and headed for the beach to catch some fish. After the house, 18 beetles were in my 100 yds spider bath, and in my pool for black ants. I walked my bike to a service station and had not one but both tires patched and filled. I rode home carefully.

A coughing and coughing sound came from the kitchen. Mouse was throwing up all over the floor and showed no sign of stopping.

I grabbed her and headed for the vet. He advised me that a diet of ants, beetles, flies and mosquitoes was not good for a cat. "I know it's not good for me either," I said, writing a \$10 check.

I hoped to return to the city on the next boat leaving the Island. There, Elephantine catches an occasional fly, kids paint on paper there are no sharks or crabs except in museums and Adam stays home.

## Problems with Trustee Letter

by Paul Lodise

SGA president David Cavalier seems to be running into a problem concerning a letter that he and other members of the student government submitted to the Board of Trustees and President Thomas A. Fulham on August 16.

Contained in the letter are requests made by the SGA concerning the re-issuing of the two vacancies on the Board and the matter that the new chairman be unpaid, and that the future trustees be chosen by a committee composed of members of the alumni, faculty, and student body. The only response that Cavalier has received is that the requests were drawn up incorrectly.

"On Sept. 4," Cavalier states, "I was approached by President Fulham. He told me that the letter itself was unacceptable because it was written unprofessionally. Instead of signing my name to it, we signed it SGA."

He emphasized the fact that Fulham was prepared to deal with the requests, but he was merely giving him advice on how to approach the Board in the future.

Cavalier mentioned that Fulham gave him an unofficial response to the point which deals with abolishing the salary for the Chairman of the Board of Trustees. He explained who the late Judge John



Fenton received payment for his services as chairman.

"He told me that when Fenton retired from the State Supreme Court he was awarded a pension in

the neighborhood of \$18,000 a year. When he was asked to become Suffolk's president he was informed by the State that he would have to give up his pension. Suffolk decided to subsidize him with that same amount as long as he was affiliated with the university. This payment continued after he became chairman."

Cavalier told the Journal that President Fulham remarked that the new chairman "will be lucky to get his lunch money." The new SGA boss stated that the President of Suffolk wants to see definite changes on the Board.

Cavalier also received a letter in

response to the requests by Trustee member George C. Seybolt. In it Seybolt claimed that it was not his custom to answer unsigned letters, but that he was willing to discuss any important matters as long as he knew who he was talking to.

The SGA president hoped that the Board was not trying to avoid the requests by attacking the manner in which they were submitted. Fulham told Cavalier that he would like to see the two trustees replaced by November, so he should get a response in the near future if the Board decides to go along with the student government.



### grandfather

and when she returned home, but found he had dropped alone on his face and was taken away. She was relieved being ill herself. She visits him often despite the distance.

"My foot is burning," he cried once more as he lay trapped and still, his hand still shaking beside him and when he fell on his head she said he was not the same again. "He's still in there," she mumbled as they fed him. "I almost wish he would die."

He cannot speak anymore.

Steven B. Katz  
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presents

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**JONATHAN  
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